NANAO

These are some paintings and sketches to celebrate Nanao Sakaki with lines from some favorite poems (published by Blackberry Books, Gulf of Maine). Felipe Melhado came up with this idea to get people together. Nanao Sakaki is a big hero of mine, and I'm happy to take part in this Global Nanao Day/Year. For sure, more people should know about him — his activism, his free perspective, his bright trail.

Rowan Kilduff
25. Dec. 2022

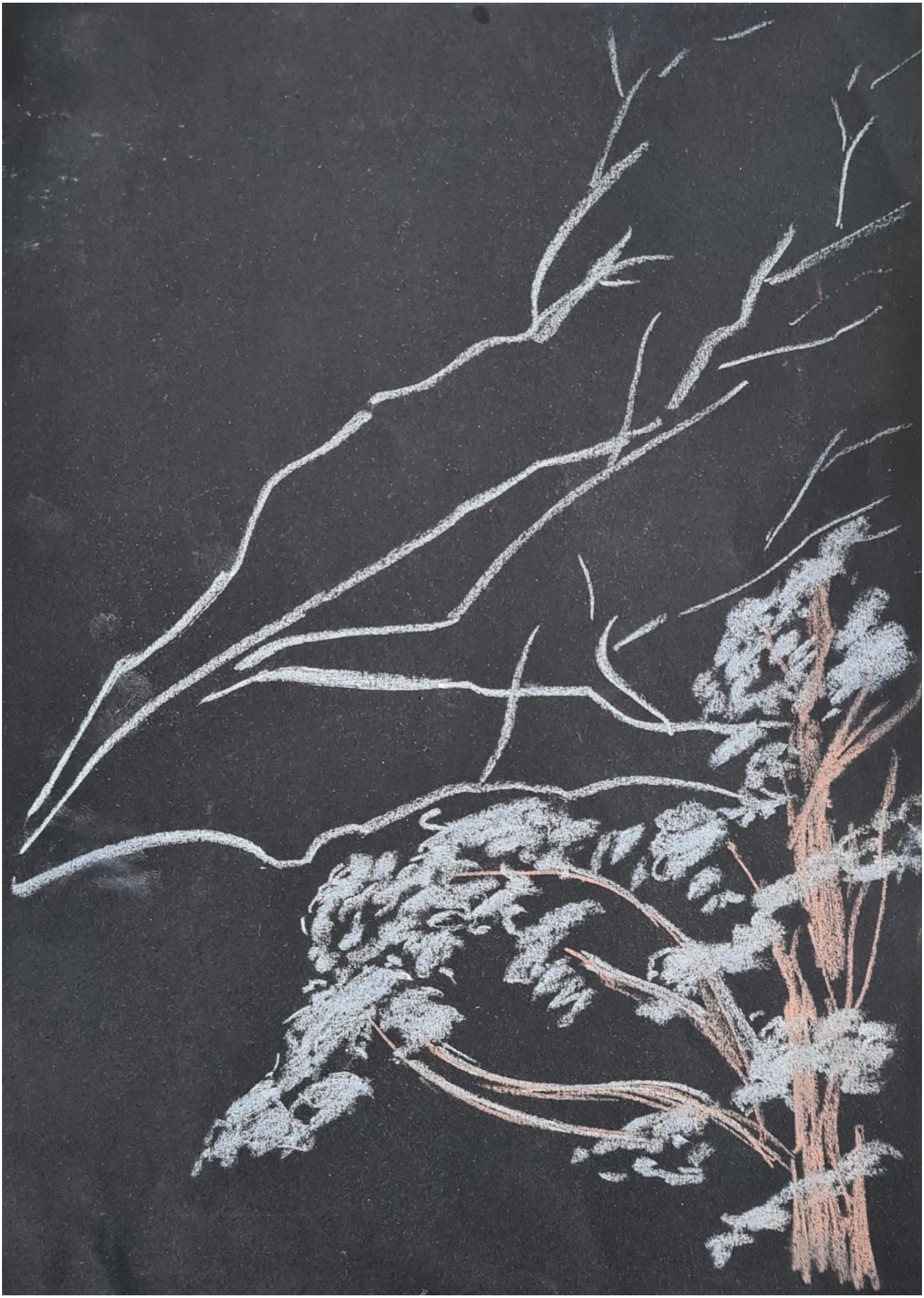
Tipi. 12'' x 16'' canvas.

"Materials for construction should be plentiful & easily available.
(...)
Deep blue of mid-winter sky;"

''deepspace Nanao''
a NASA deep space field photo; Nanao Sakaki (1992, sent by Ken Rodgers); 'red bird' cutout-painting

"The Galaxy full blooming in spring."

"As the fifth deer
I follow them."



BIKKY

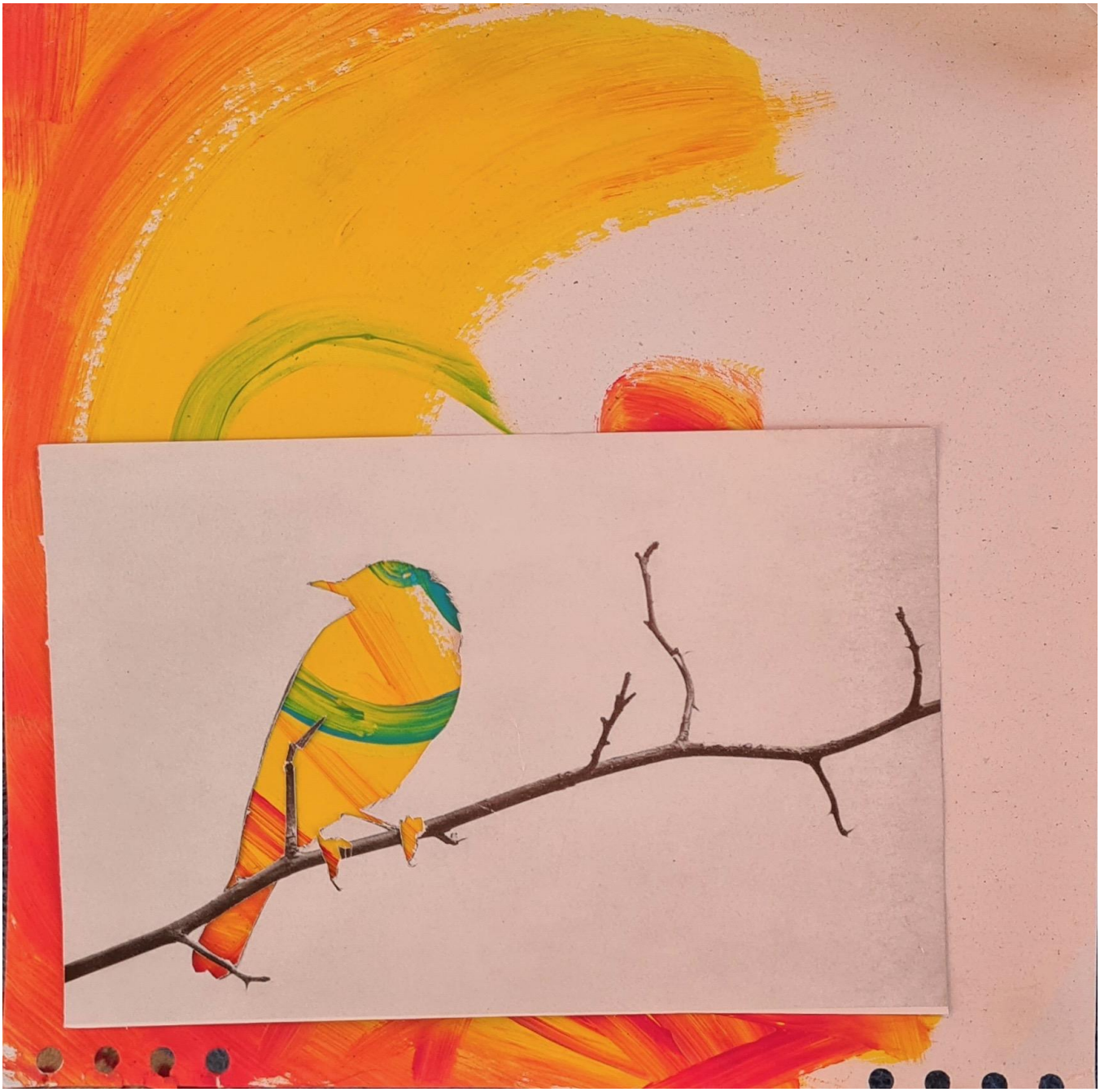
Chuang-tzu

Issa

Nanao

(…)

"... *becoming* the landscape."



"Light & mind play & build up a planetarium
(...)
This house is built for my lovely kids first.
And for everybody who wants to stay with me.
With the shovel I dig the frozen soil,
Where the stars, sun, wind & water celebrate."

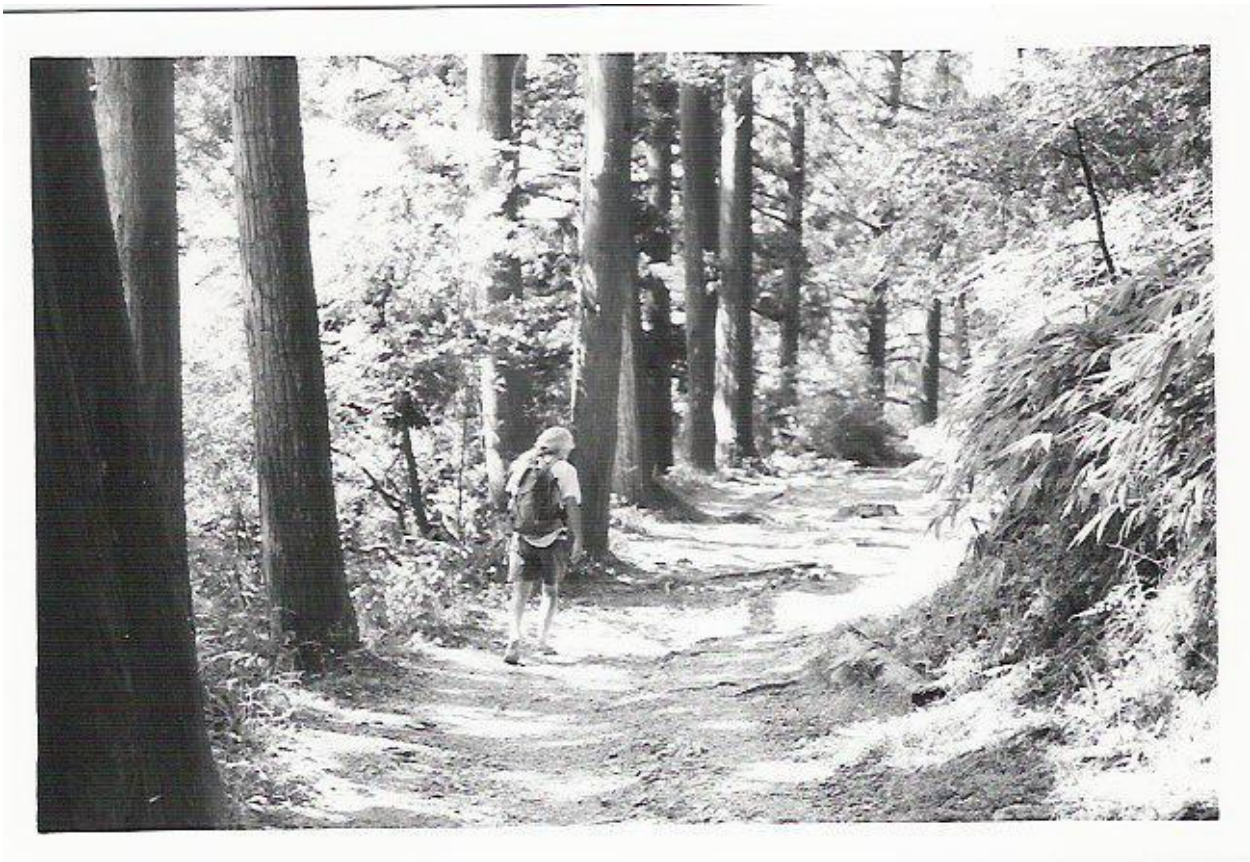
Red pines. Photo collage. Dec. 2022

"Wind for mind
Just enough."

We all; one big sangha.
Wind light sings true.

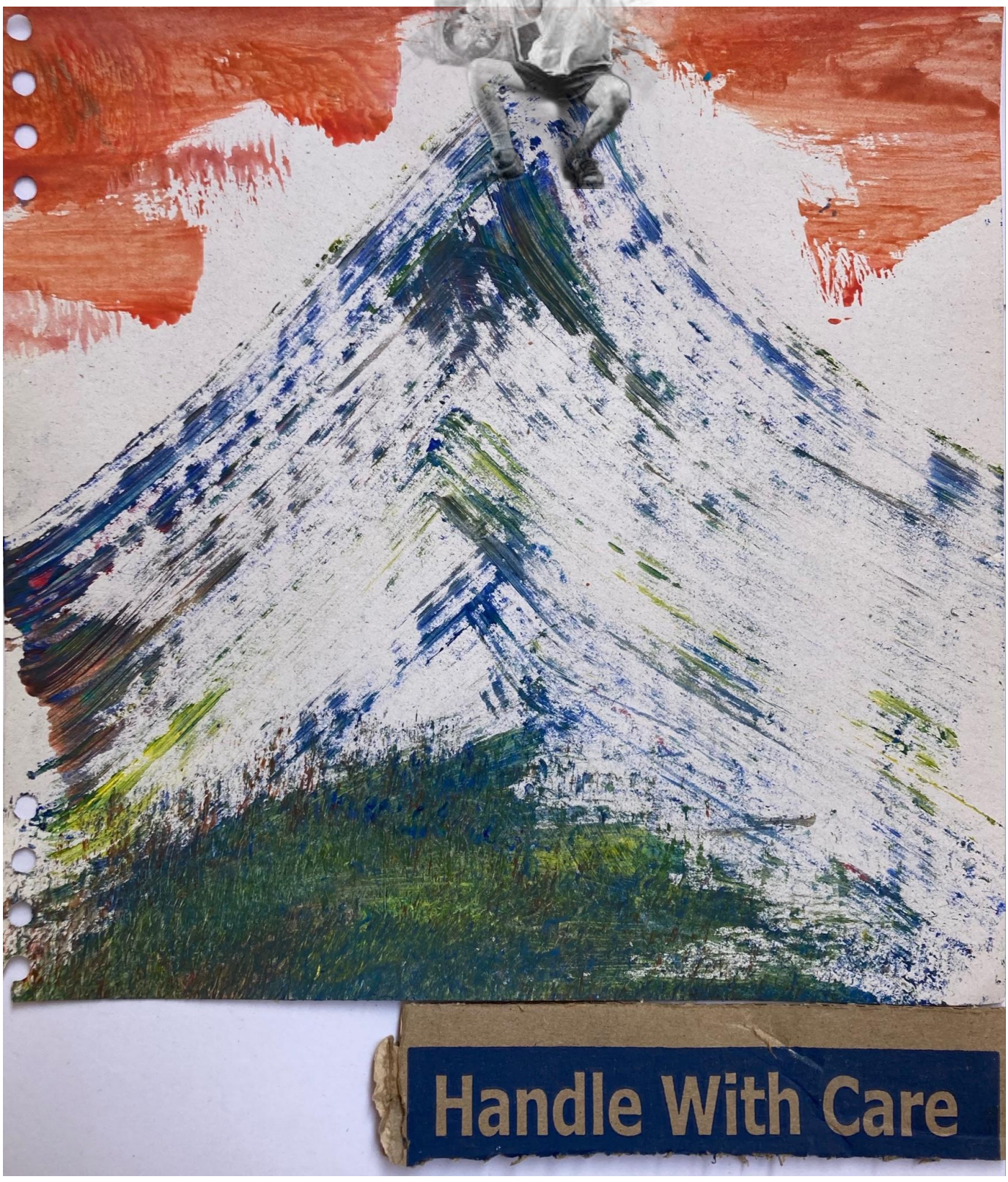
WALKABOUT SONG

WHAT'S THE WAY TO PEACE? WALKING ALL THESE WAYS IN PEACE — WALKING IN BRIGHTNESS — IN THE CRACK-DAZZLE-SUMMER — MIRROR HAWK — MOUNTAINS AT THE BREAK OF DAY — SAY, SAY — WHERE IS THE WAY? THE ZING! OF NOT SEARCHIN ANYTHING — PEACE SONGS LIKE SKY — OUT BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE WORLD — THE RIVER, THE RIVER OF ANCESTORS WAKING INTO THE FUTURE — THE KIDS SING — THE KIDS RUN — THE KIDS PLAY — THE KIDS GO HAND-IN-HAND — DEWY GRASS LIGHT — WATCHIN LIGHTNING PLAY IN SILENCE FAR AWAY FROM THE MOUNTAIN-TOP — WIND PLAY — WONDER OF A WHOOSH OF WIND THRU TREES, THRU LONG GRASS, THRU A DREAM — THE WIND BLOWS THRU A DREAM — A PART-REMEMBERED SPARK — WALKING, WALKING 'I AM A SONG, I WALK HERE' — EVER RUNNING STREAMS — BORN OF/WITH THIS EARTH — I FEEL A WAKING SOUND — I FEEL THE EARTH SOUND — I HEAR A WAKING — I HEAR A-WAKING SOUND — I FEEL THE EARTH SOUND — WHOOSH THRU A DREAM — THE BRIGHT SILENCE OF THE SUN



Nanao on the ridge trail up Atago-san, west peak of Kyoto, in flip-flops. Photo: Ken Rodgers (Kyoto Journal)

"Why
climb a
mountain?"



Break The Mirror

THE POEMS OF

Nanao Sakaki

"Hi, Rough-legged Hawk! … You clean the winter sky.
In your wake
No dust
No junk.
You just leave
Clear, sweet, profound blue sky for everybody.
…
Happy New Year!
Happy Birthday!"

"More poetry. More music. More heart."

No publisher. To be freely distributed among friends
for world peace
and happiness.